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AUTHOR OF "PRESTON FLAT MYSTERY, BROWNFIELD.

CHAPTER X.

IN JAIL. heart, and he did all in his power to this great degradation." cheer Helen.

"I hope Miss Lakeman it'll not be as bad as you think. I hope you will come out all right."

"No, no," said Helen her face ty to assume her manner and tone. growing more calm, and pale, "I come out of this, I am in the power of persons bent upon my ruin, and no power on earth can save me."

"Who do you think is bent upon your ruin."

"Mr. Arnold and family."

"Why great goodness, why should they want to ruin a poor girl like you?" Helen was silent. She could not answer his question, though she knew an answer for it. She could not tell him the Arnold's had determined to have the educated and accomplished Warren Stuart a member of their family,"and that the pretty face of the hired girl was in the way. That Helen Lakeman arrested and disgraced for a crime, would lose her beauty even in the eyes of her infatuated lover.

She dare not tell the sheriff what her honest convictions said were living truths, for if she did they would not be ty, Mr. Belcher, but it will be right. I

Helen was silent. The sheriff waitan officer long enough to regard every istrate. court and prosecuting attorney and was writing in his docket on the enhave her punishment as light as possi-

right up' and 'make a clean breast of it all. He regarded it as his duty to advise the girl to do so.

"Helen," he said in as kindly and fatherly tone, as he could command. "you are a young girl, and perhaps know nothing about law."

She bowed her head to receive the advice which she knew would come.

"I teel sorry for you on account this trouble you have got into," the sheriff went on, "and I want to talk to you as if you were my own daughter."

The carriage was rolling along over a smooth piece of wood and the sheriff knew every word the girl said by way of confession, could be heard by the driver, provided she denied it afterward The sheriff determined to work up the case if possible.

Helen was still silent, and he con-

"You are young, thrown upon the world without an adviser or friend and now if I can help you any I would be glad to do so. Your crime is a serious one to begin with, and what is more, you will be convicted of it. The proof against you is overwhelming and there is no power-no lawyer on earth who can make a jury believe you are innocent."

He paused to see the effects of his kind remarks upon the girl. Helen was silent. Her tace was no paler than be fore, and there were no visible evidences of an increase in her emo-

"Feeling for you as I do Helen I a clean breast of the whole thing. Own up to it, like a woman and throw your

self on the mercy of the court." He paused because the white face of his fair prisoner was turned upon may not lock you up in a cell, but let triendless child, for she is scarcely altogether incredulous as to what ever like me, ought not to touch a being too him, and her eyes were blazing with a stange light. Her look was one of

enquiry, at least so he determined to make himself understood. "I mean Helen that it is best for you

when arraigned to plead guitty, admit taking the bracelet, and I think we can get you off easily."

For a moment the white face was and voice said:

"Would you have me admit a lie?" "Oh no, no, no," said the sheriff," out you know-" and he scratched his head, 'But you see everybody knows it. say they will believe it."

"Believe what?" said Helen her eyes having a light very unnatural. "I cannot help what people says of me. I am not the first girl who has been ruined by the thoughtless or intentional slanders of people who have some OR THE FORTUNES OF WALTER claims to goodness; but 1 am innocent in the face of Heaven, I know my crime is a felony. It is what lawyers call 'grand larceny' and I will be sent to the penitentiary, but I would not Mr. Belcher, the sheriff; had a kind admit a lie, to save myself from all

> had no ordinary personage to deal with. would be better for you in the end." She was either innocent or the most brazen criminal he had ever met with.

The sheriff was silent. He was know that shame, ruin and death will thinking, of course she was guilty, she must be guilty. Judge Arnold's family stood too high in social circles, to mistaken. Of course the girl was guil- all over the village. ty. Judge Arnold could have no deep game to play in the matter. The girl was poor and friendless and he had expressed himself as regretting that it had occurred.

Then the girl must be guilty. He looked at Helen. She met his eyes with an unwavering gaze. Her manner said: "I have done nothing to merit this, and can not be made to bow my head in shame. You may break my spirit."

"She is certainly a case," thought coach window. "Oh, I do wish she would plead guilty. She's foolish if she don't." The last was muttered lead to be don't. The last was muttered lead to be don't loud enough for Helen to hear. She quickly responded:

"It may be foolish to plead not guilwould rather be right than to be wise."

The sheriff was silenced: The vil-lage was soon reached and the rockaedfor her to speak. Belcher had been way drove up to the office of the mag-

person arrested as a criminal. Of! Squire Bluffers had his office in an course this girl was guilty. He felt old frame building on the ground floor, very sorry for her. She was young office, which was on the corner of the beautiful and intelligent, and she had square. The justice of the peace was great temptation to steal. He resolved a portly man with iron grey hair, and a in his own mind to intercede with the pair of spectacles upon his nose. He trance of the sheriff with his prisoner.

The old justice looked up on their entrance, and then pushed his specta-It would go much lighter with her cles upon his forehead. No sooner did he knew, if she would 'own the thing his eyes rest upon the fair prisoner than he started. 'Squire Bluffers was a man with a big kind heart, and to see one so young and handsome as Helen Lakeman fallen, touched him.

"This is the person," said the sheriff gruffly. Since he had found Helen so much more hardened than he had expected, he had lost much of his sympathy for her.

The justice in the absence of the prosecuting attorney, read the complaint to her, and and asked her whether she was guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," was the response. The magistrate folded up the complaint and putting it in a large envelope, thrust it back in a pidgeon hole. There was a few moment's silence when the justice taking up his pen

"Have you a lawyer?"

"No sir," Helen answered. "Have you money to employ a law

"No sir, I had but two dollars and fifty cents, and I gave that to my little brother when I left him." "Do you want an examination now

to-day, or would you rather wait?" Helen felt prompted to ask for a delay and she did so. "Can you give bond for your ap-

pearance here in ten days?" "I think not," Helen answered. "! know but very tew persons, and those I do not know I would not like to ask

to go on my bond." "I will make it small, if you will make an effort."

"It would be no use." said Helen "I don't like to send a nice little

girl like you to jail," said the justice with a flattering smile. "I do not like to go there," said Helen brushing a tear from her cheek, but I suppose it can't be helped. It

possible to convince people now." "I will continue your case for ten days my good girl, in the meanwhile I will have to commit you. Mr. Bridges, the jailor is a very nice man, and he

you stay with his family. The suggestion of the justice seemed to strike the sheriff favorably. He said he would see Bridges about it. Mr. Bridges, the jailor, had the front part of the jail converted into a dwelling, where himself and family lived.

He was found and "the thing" talked over. If it could be done, he had the room. He had just came in at no objection. Mr. Belcher assured noon from plowing. This was on Monhim that he had the opinion of the jusupturned to his, and then the sweet tice of the peace on the subject, and Grundy's issue of information. Clarthat it could be done with propriety. ence had not been to church and had The result of their conference on the only been told an hour ago by Henry matter was that they went to the justices office, where Helen with her bonnet lane and called to come to the fence and gazing into the sweet face and drawn down over her face out of mod- and rest. The honest face of the boy esty not from sense of shame, sat.

"Here Jack," said the justice taking you know, and every body will know it, up a paper. "Here is a commitment heard about Helen?

It makes no difference what you may for Helen Lakeman. Her case is continued for ten days. You might let ather gruffly. her stay in your house if you nave no cell for her, as your house is a part of the jail."

"Will you try to get away Helen," said the jailor to the girl, providin' don't lock you up."

"Would you believe any promise would make you," the girl asked. "Well yes, I might."

"No one believes what I say. I am innocent of any crime and yet no one believes me. Even the sheriff insists on my pleading guilty and admitting a crime I never committed."

"No I don't," said the sheriff, a little nettled. "I wanted you to plead guil-Mr. Belcher now discovered that he ty if you committed the offense; it

"Promise me that you will make no effort to escape," said the jailor, "and Never had he known one actually guil- you need not enter the walls of the

> Helen gave her consent and was told to "come on." She arose and followed the jailor to

his house. There many curious eyes have made a false report on this girl, turned upon her as she went to the jail and the Judge was too shrewd to be for the news of her arrest had spread

She reached the house of the jailor and was ushered ir..

CHAPTER XIV.

CLARENCE AND ROSA FORM A BRAVE RESOLUTION AND CARRY IT OUT. The news of Helen Lakeman's ar-

rest spread like wild fire all over the Sandy Fork neighborhood. Mrs. Arnold, with her head high in

the air, in her endeavors to see under punish me if you will, but you can not her glasses, was ready to answer any a pack o' lies and caused you to dis- friend, they know they are only gone to any and all questions in regard to the

The next Sunday, there being preaching at the Sandy Fork school house, the news was scattered generally. Mother Tartrum, who sat next to Mrs. Evans, said:

"Didn't you hear about that Lakeman gal. She stole some money at Judge Arnold's.

"Money! I heard it was a brace-

"No-it was money." "Who told you?"

"Mother Grundy." "Who told her?"

"Mrs. Arnold." "I think there must have been some mistake about it," said Mrs. Evans. "I'd like to know how," said Mother

Tartrum. "There can't be no mistake about it. lost and put among Helen's things by eyes red with weeping. mistake.

"No it wasn't," said the tattler, shaking her head, "no it wasn't. She stole it, I know she stole it!"

"But Helen was such a good girl. There can't be any doubt as to her innocence."

"You think that thing was a good gal? asked mother Tartrum who seemed a special agent to slander Helen

"Well she come to Mrs. Arnold's way in the night with a strange man. Do you call that a nice gal. She's the -she's the worst gal we had in the neighborhood." The eyes of Mother Tartrum sparkled with indignation, and the hairy mole on her cheek trem-

bled with anger... "Is that so?" asked Mrs. Evans. "I guess it is; Mrs. Arnold tells it." Not three seats away Mother Grundy

was harranging Mrs. Taylor. "Wonder what Warren Stuart thinks o' his gal, now, eh? She's bad enough I guess. I guess young men who throw away such girls as Hallie Arnold for a kitchen gal, is sure to get beat. She is jest as bad as kin be, and is now

locked up in jail for a thief." There was one family to whom the news of Helen's fall came like a thunderbolt. It was the Stuarts.

When Mrs. Stuart first heard it she church. burst into tears and said: "It's all our fault, Jacob! it's all our

fault; we drove her to do it." "I don't see how we are to blame," way of relieving himself from any obli-

gations to the friendless girl. "We drove her away with her poor little crippled brother, out into the she a member of that church. Her world. The temptation was too great. Oh, who could blame her."

"I can," said the farmer; "nice mess we like to a got into, and it's a blessin' may be that some time the world will we got rid of her just when we did, or think it my duty to advise you to make know I am innocent though it is im- we'd a had a thief in our family. She had the wool completely pulled over Warren's eyes."

Mrs. Stuart wept a few moments in silence and then said:

"But think, Jacob, of the poor, more than a child, and of the charge she had upon her," "Oh, yes, I know-"

"What do you suppose has become of little Amos?" "I don't know; I guess he will be taken care of."

At this moment Clarence entered day, the day after Mothers Tartrum and Stuckley, who was riding down the

was red with anger. "Father," he gasped, "have you "What about het?" demanded the

"She's been arrested for stealin'." "Well, what of it?"

"It's a lie, that's all," thundered Clarence, in a voice full of fury. "Have you gone crazy," asked his

father in amazement. "No, I'm not; but whoever says that Helen Lakeman stole that bracelet is a liar! I don't care who they are."
"Well, Judge Arnold swore she did."

said the father triumphantly. "Then Judge Arnold swore to a posttive falsehood." "That's a grave accusation sir, what object has Judge Afnold."

"A big one, and he's set up a job in the matter as sure as I live; the old

"Clarence behave to lf." said the father. "Have some respect for your prisoner took down the family Bible mother and me, if you have none for and opening to Deuteronomy, Fourth object Arnold could have."

and Helen had cut her out, now if they ed in those two verses. can blight her maine so Warren will headed Hal Arnold, may have a

"Oh hush you simpleton." "I am no simpleton at all father. I last thing brother Warren said to me was to see that Helea was not imposed upon, for his sake. He foresaw the against them. First Misses Arnold

was arrested." "You are making a fool o' yourself Clarence," said Mr Stuart.

"Well I'll make a bigger fool out o' myself than I ever have."

"What do you mean."

the other." Mr. Stuart was completely dumb-

if it was Tom Scuttle for wife beatin' you would be ready to go on his bond. But I will go on Helen's bond."

Clarence turned and walked away. "Oh, the bracelet must have been In the hall he met his sister Rosa, her but who had violated the law. He de-"Oh brother I am so glad you are

going to help poor Helen. Do go at once,-let me go to help poor Helen, Do go at once,-let me go with you.' "You shall. I'm goin' to take my own horse an' buggy and go to Newton | must plead guilty. this evening."

"I will see mother." "Get ready if you are goin' mother or no mother," cried Clarence in whose The resolution of Rosa became as

strong as her brother, though out of sense of duty she notified her moth-"Do go, Rosa," Mrs. Stuart said much to the girls astonishment. "Tell

Helen I believe her guiltless, and I want her to forgive me." In fifteen minutes later, Clarence and his sister were in the farmer's open buggy rattling down the hill toward

> CHAPTER XV. MR. STYLES AND MR. LAYMAN

Helen Lakeman was a truly converted christian. Being naturally of a religious turn of mind, and have christian parents she early embraced religion, and become a member of the

The neglect she had received, her many trials and persecutions, would have made any other than a true christian a hater of mankind. To the said the farmer, trying to find some disgrace of church members (not churches) be it said, most of her persecutions came from them.

Her parents were Presbyterians and last promise to her parents was that she would care for the unfortunate little brother, and live as near as she could up to her christian faith.

temper, saved her, from bitterly reproaching her persecutors, and the ever a consolation to her. She found Mrs. Bridges the jailor's

body said, and yet not ready to believe as men jailors, that every person accused is a criminal

herself. "I pity the poor child who was is more to be pittied than blamed even if she took the bracelet."

She greeted the down cast girl kindly on her entering the house, giving Helen the first real sympathy she had received since her terrible misfortune. Taking both small hands in her own

"There is some mistake here Jack I know there is. This poor child never He must do something, though it was did a wrong in her life.

large blue eyes, Mrs. Bridges said:

Helen burst into tears clasped her arms about the neck of the jailor's wife and fell sobbing on her bosom. It was so sweet after receiving such cold cruel treatment to find one warm sympathetic heart on which she could rely.

Mrs Bridges consoled her, kissed away her tears, and told her to trust in clared. She was an angel, one whom the Lord and she would come out of he knew to be an angel. all her troubles triumphantly in the

Everything the good woman could do to alleviate the suffering of Helen edged to it, and she might be one of was done. She assured her that the world would come to know her innocence and she would be loved and respected more than ever before, for she guessed she was guilty. ad been tried by fire.

Helen took her place as one of the jailor's family and Mrs. Bridges kept her constantly at her side. When the yourself. I would like to know what chapter 30th and 31st verses, she felt that the hand of God had surely direct-"His girl is half dead after Warren, ed her to the blessed promise contain-

"When thou art in tribulation and all not have her, that freckled face, red these things are come upon thee, even in the latter days, if thou turn to the Lord thy God and shall be obedient unto his voice; (for the Lord thy God is a merciful God;) he will not forsake know more about this than you. I'll thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget prove it yet before its over with. The the covenant of thy fathers, which he

swore unto them.' Helen closed the Bible and clasping her hands remained for a moment in persecutions that were coming on that silent prayer. How light and joyous poor girl's head, and tried to prepare her heart at that moment. A true christian can not be downcast and sad. went trapesing all over the country with If death sweeps away every earthly charge her, then when the poor girl a better land. If clouds of darkness, was driven from sheter with her crip- sorrow and suffering surround them,

to the penitentiary she would go cheerher ruin. She could forgive even the face Hal Arnold." 'I mean I am goin' to see Helen Arnolds. She could pray God to for-out in this. Old King James Arnold give them, and bless them with happi-

founded at Clarence's announce- It was on Monday when Mr. Styles next day. the prosecuting attorney came to "Helen is in jail for lack of bonds, see her. Mr. Styles was a man who this?" always went into a case to win, regardless of the right or wrong he might do. Here was a young girl to be sure, one who had many temptations no doubt,

termined to prosecute her. Of course youth and beauty would be in her favor. Then he would not insist on a long sentence. Two years for a bracelet would do, but in order to obtain clemency from Mr. Styles, she

Helen sat in silence and listened to the oily words of the shrewd lawyer. He began then a series of questions, which would have entangled any one heart the spirit of rebellion was power- less innocent than herself. She answered him in a staight forward manner, giving him a history of her life

down to the commission of the offense. "Now Helen," said the lawyer at last becoming exasperated, "you are very shrewd; you are the shrewdest, in fact, I ever met, but it will avail you nothing. We have the proof solid against you. Come now, is it not bet-

ter to confess up and get only two years, than go to trial and get ten." "Mr. Styles," said Helen. "I will not confess to a falsehood, though you sentence me to penal servitude for life."

Mr. Styles went away scratching his head in a puzzled way, and declaring she was the shrewdest and most hardened criminal he had ever seen. Wise indeed he must have been, not to be able to distinguish between unintimidated innocence, and the brazen defiance of crime.

He was scarcely gone ere a light vehicle rattled up to the door of the jail, and to her surprise, Helen saw Clarence and Rosa Stuart jump out. Rosa, tears streaming down her cheeks, burst into the room where Helen was and clasped her in her arms. Helen smiled, a sweet serene smile of innocent happiness.

"Oh Helen, Helen, my dear sisterfor you should be my sister-how you have suffered." "No, no darling Rosa, the Lord has

been very good to me. He has always Her strong faith in Christ and sweet given me strength beyond my trials." "An angel still," cried the rough Clarence, entering and taking Helen's blessed promises in the Bible were hand. "I don't know that I ought to body!" touch you." he said, the moisture gathering in his manly eye. "It seems to wife, a very kind woman. One not me that a great, rough, wicked fellow good for this earth. Now here hev I been ever since I heerd about you, a cussin' and swearin' an' ready to go She had heard Helen's story before over to old Arnold's and lick him, an' she came to the jail, and declared to here you are forgivin' everybody, and jest lookin' happy."

"We may suffer and still be happy struggling for her little brother, and she Clarence," said Helen a smile of ineffable sweetness upon her face. There is no need for any one being without happiness. Oh there is so much here," and she laid her hand revereptly on the the Bible.

Rosa kissed her again, and again, declaring she never would desert her, while Clarence was dumbfounded. His earnest zeal wanted to "punch some body's head," but Helen forbid that. difficult to tell what that was,

"Oh, yes I'll go on her bond," he said. He took up his hat and dashed around to the magistrates. Here his hopes were dashed to the ground on being informed that no minor could be accepted as bail for the prisoner. But the girl was innocent, Clarence de-

The magistrate smiled and said he had seen a good many and all were angels at first. Some never acknowlthe kind but there could really be no mistake about it. She was an unfortunate girl, had his sympathy too, but he

Clarence left in despair and went to consult a lawyer, Mr. John Layman had the reputation of boing a fair lawyer, and he would employ him.

"Good morning Clarence," said Mr. Layman stroking his long black whisers on the entrance of the young farm-

"I came Mr. Layman to get you to attend to a case," said Clarence sitting in a chair near the lawyer. Mr. Layman laid aside a news paper he was reading and thrusting his hands in his pockets was attention.

You have heard of Helen Lakeman's arrest. I want you to defend her." The lawyer was soon employed, Clarence agreeing to pay his fee. The two set out at once for the jail where

Helen then proceeded to tell all she knew of the unfortunate event. The gle, but she am now top of de heap gold bracelet was found in her carpet an' kin reward her frens an' forgive her bag but how it got there, she did not know. The lawyer listend to her story and then put her through a most rigid

cross examination. "How did the bracelet get in your possession?" he finally asked.

"I kin tell ye," said Clarence quickly. "Ye see brother Warren and Hel-Her tears were dried and a sweet smile en here were to get married. Well was upon her face. If she were sent they told lies about Helen and mother discharged her, and then the Arnold's fully and pray God to have mercy on set up this job on her so that Warren the false witnesses who had worked would marry that red headed, freckled

Helen tried to stop the impulsive youth, but there was no stopping himwill find out before long that the girl ness. Do you doubt this readers? then whatever. He was determined to tell he thought so friendless will have two you know nothing of a truly converted all. The lawyer smiled and said that friends, I am one, and brother Warren christain heart. There was no bitter- he he hardly thought they were that ness in Helen's soul. She was Christ- bad He made some notes in his book, and left, promising to call on his client

"Have you written to Warren about

Rosa asked. "No," said Helen, "I could not." "We must write to him now. We will write together and tell him all." Helen was at last pursuaded to join the sister in sending the letter. It was written full of tender truthfulness, and

"This will bring him here," said Rosa "Now Clarence what is the number of the street.'

Clarence felt in his pockets a moment and with a look of dismay said : "I'm blest if I 'aint lost it ?" TO BE CONTINUED. An Essay in a Street Car. She had been reading an essay some where and was going home on a car, accompanied by a miss, a middle

car who were not aware that she had been reading an essay, and she determined to enlighten them, so in a halfpitched voice that could have been eard for blocks, she screamed: "Oh, dear! You don't know how glad I was when I finished reading my essay. I was really quite nervous, I assure you, for there were thirteen whole pages of it. I actually sat up all night to

were a dozen other passengers in the

to get up before a cultured audience and read an original essay of that length. How did I do?" Dame—"Just splendid." Miss-"Be-autiful."

write it. It's a terribly trying position

First youth-"Never saw you do bet Second vouth-"Onite well." She (in a tone of astonishment and disgust, with calliope power)—"Quite well!" (With scorn) "Porters (With scorn) "Perhaps you think you could do better?" (Beseechingly,) "You were out among the audience. Now do, please, tell me what

cised your enunciation.' (A smile all around by the other passengers.) She (with great scorn) - "Oh, they did, ch! The mean things!" He-"Then some of them though your strictures on Dickens were unjust.

Second youth-"Some of them criti-

they said about me!"

anyway. His characters are all overdrawn and unnatural.' He-"Perhaps you prefer Thackeray?" She-(with a sniff of disdain)-"Thackeray! Thackeray!! Who was Thacker-

She-"Well, I never liked Dickens.

And those of the deafened passengers who hadn't already got off the car to walk home, went out and rode on the platform .- Detroit Free Press.

Heirs to a Fortune.

Cox was sentenced to a month's im-prisonment at Rutland, Vt., for selling

anyway! Thackeray wa'n't no-

alcoholic beverages, but had the alternative of paying a fine instead at any time within twenty-four hours. He refused to pay for his liberty until he found that, as a prisoner he must part with his beard, which reached to his waist, and had been twenty-five years

growing. The warden said it was then too late, and ordered the barber to do his duty. Cox was held fast and his face roughly shaved, without using any lather or first clipping off the wh with the scissors. He caught cold and nearly died, as a consequence of this treatment. He sued for damages, and two trials have resulted in verdicts of heavy amounts against the warden; but each time there was an informality, and a third jury will hear the case.

A LECTURE ON SCIENCE.

ldback Remington Before the Lime Kiln Club.

Bro. Gardner announced to the club that the great colored Ohio scientist and philosopher was present in the ante-room, shivering with cold and impa-tience. He had been in the city three days, during which time he had frozen his heels and discovered that the sun was 1,000,000 miles nearer the earth at

Detroit than in Cleveland. The committee on reception then drew on their new mittens and disap-peared in search of the distinguished

Close upon the heels of a lamp explo-sion in the northwest corner of the room, which knocked Judge Cadaver off his stool and flung Walkaround Skivers half-way through a window, came the noble professor. If he could have been straightened up by means of jack-screws he would have stood six feet high, and a few bricks in his pockets would have brought his weight up to 120 pounds. He had a piercing eye, a nose rather on the door-knob order, and his mouth at once betraved great force of character. He was conducted to the platform, formally introduced, and as he moistened his bronchial tubes with a few swallows of hard cider, he

"My frens," he began, "I has bin inwited to spoke to you on de subjeck of science. I has no doubt dat some of you has heard de word spoken, or seen Mr. Layman was introduced to his fair it in print at sometime, but how littlede majority of you have eber realized de beauties, de extent, an' de power of science! Science has had a hard strugenemies. How do we know dat de airth revolves on her axel-trees, same as de wheels of a wagin? Science has told us. How do we know how to cross de oshun? Science pints de way. How do we know dat de great desert of Sa-hary was once an oshun? Science has dug down an' foun' clam shells and sharks' jaw-bones. Widout science we should be a world widout over-coats in winter or sodywater in summer. We would fall from harvest apples trees an' pick ourselves up widout knowin' wheder grabitashun or agitashun made us cum' down instead of goin' up. We should see de moon, same as now, but some would say it was inhabited by monkeys an' odders would have an ideah dat it was a splendiferous locality for a persimmon grove. De sun would rise an' sot an' warp de shingles on de roofs, but men would go round bluffin' fur bets dat she wasn't fifty miles away an'

was held in place by wires." Here the orator paused to scratch his back and take another drink of eider,

"Science has done much, but it hasn't done 'nuff. It has giben us de mariner's compass, but we have no masheen shops whar' bow-legged men kin drap in on deir way up home an' git de crook straightened while dev wait. It has giben us steam, but we still crawl under de house to thaw out frozen water-pines de same as de Roman Senators did 2,-000 y'ars ago. It has giben us grand suspenshun bridges, but whar' am de gas-metre which registers in favor ob de consumer? It has giben us de telegraff, but what man among you eber sot eyes on a boot-jack which wouldn't miss a cog jist when you war' pullin' on a wet boot de hardest? It has tunneled frew mountains, but we hab foun' no better way ob making de baby swallow easter ile dan by holdin' its nose, same as Eve held Cain's and Abel's in de beaged dame and two youths. There

ginnin' "My frens, I did not come here to expecterate you wid a tiresome infatuation. Heed well what I have said. Snug up to science. She will keep you cool in summer an' prevent de shrinkin' of your winter flannels. It is a deep subjec for research an' imcompatibility. an trustin' dat each one of you may abdicate de reflexun of de consequential, I will draw my brilliant climax to a ca-

The Kiss That Ellie Wilton Dodged.

olay new to New York, called

"Passion's Slave," and the advertise-

John A. Stevens had announce

reer.

ment promised, with pictures and big letters, that the "Henry V. kiss" letters, that the "Henry V. kiss" would be a feature. Ellie Wilton, a pretty actress, who came from San Francisco half a dozen years ago, and has since been employed most of the time in our fashionable theatres, was to receive the kiss, "by the kind permission of Lester Wallack." The Winsor Theatre, where this was to occur, was crowded. In one box sat Mr. Steven's divorced wife, Lotta Church, who is an Italian and reputedly jealous. In another box was Miss Wilton's affianced husband. By my side was a man whom I took, from his conversation with his companion, to be an attache of the theatre. Expectation had been raised to a great height-to the level of the fourth tier of the gallery, in fact, for when the boys up there saw Stevens, as the sentimental hero, embrace Miss Wilton, they yelled their recognition of the situation as they had seen it in the pictures. Stevens went behind the actress, threw his arms around her, drew her up close, and, by placing one hand under her chin, turned her face into kissing distance. We had all read how an actress had quitted the company in the West because she thought this kiss was an improper stage realism. Miss Wilton's actual sweetheart, in the box, withdrew partially behind the drapery, possibly to hide his emotion, and leveled his opera-glass. The divorced Mrs. Stevens leaned slightly forward and opened her eyes wide. As for me, I took out my watch, resolved to time the kiss accurately and coolly. But all of us were doomed to disapwere settling down upon those of the actress she suddenly turned her mouth aside and the kiss struck her check with a quite passionate effect. The theatre attache close by me muttered something that had the tone and manner of deep cursing; and then he said: "She agreed to do it, but you can't depend upon a woman." But there were

two persons who were not displeased because she bolted the kiss, and it was

not difficult to pick them out.—Clara Belle in Lincinnati Enquirer.